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THE
Commonweal

How Compatible?

COMMUNISM AND ISLAM

by James Kritzeck

The St. Lawrence

SEAWAY TO THE FUTURE

by Edward T. Chase

Theological Science-Fiction

GOD, SPACE, AND C. S. LEWIS

by Philip Deasy

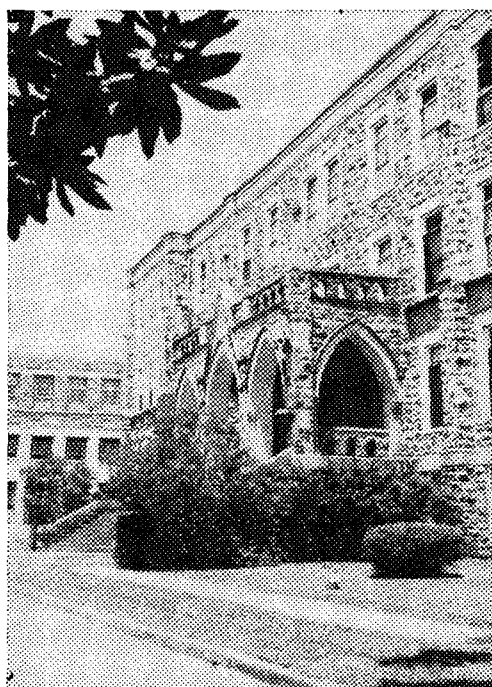
Volume LXVIII, No. 17

July 25, 1958

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post
office at Orange, Conn., under the act of
March 3, 1879. Published weekly and printed
in the U. S. A. by the Commonwealth Publishing
Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
Murray Hill 3-9685.

Copyright © 1958 The Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc.
U. S. and Canada, \$8 a year. Foreign, \$10. Single copies 25¢

THE Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

—week by week—

CORRUPTION IN POLITICS

THE Adams-Goldfine case, now well along in its second month, has had more twists and turns than could have been predicted by even the most experienced observer of the Washington scene. Under the probing of the House Committee the situation has ranged from high drama to farce; it has brought jubilation to the Democrats and consternation to the Republicans; and it has succeeded in relegating grave issues of domestic and foreign importance to the back pages of even our leading publications.

It is easy to understand the intense and immediate interest that was generated by the first charges that were leveled against Sherman Adams. There was, of course, the partisan glee of Democrats who had been burdened by similar charges in years past. And there was the non-partisan, natural and spontaneous amusement at seeing the great crusader unhorsed by a man who was, apparently, the most striking exponent of the moral maxims. It was the stock comedy situation with the added attraction of political consequences. As such it was worth several days' interest for most people, and it deserved the conscientious and continued concern of the legislators who were conducting the investigation.

But the amount of time and attention that has been devoted to the case—far in excess of its real importance—can only be accounted for in terms of political innocence and naiveté on a national level. As a people we have yet to place such incidents in their proper perspective. The political campaign of 1952 should have been a lesson for the entire electorate, for much of it was based on largely irrelevant charges of corruption in the Democratic administration. But, from the reactions to the Adams case, it is apparent that not even the Democrats drew the proper inferences; they seem

willing if not eager to deal in the same false currency now that they have the present unexampled opportunity.

All the convenient truisms will once again be enlisted and we will hear it righteously proclaimed that political figures should look all gift horses in the mouth, that Presidents should not have indispensable aides, and that we should throw the rascals out and replace them with men of integrity. Political issues will be dissolved into the conventional simplicities of the western, political candidates falling into the easy categories of "good" and "bad."

SUCH TACTICS may seem nothing more than wasteful, but when they obscure and overshadow basic issues which may well decide our fate as a country they are more than wasteful; they are harmful and dangerous. Nor can one say that our national attitudes toward such charges of corruption in politics are inevitable. It is enough to consider other countries to see that such issues are not perennial with them. Between the attitudes we adopt toward such charges and the attitudes prevalent in most other countries there is a decided difference. It is certainly not because our politicians are less honest than theirs, nor can we turn the difference to our advantage by charging other nations with being cynical while we have maintained a high idealism.

What our country has maintained in its consideration of political life is an innocence of the human person. In spite of accumulated evidence we can, it seems, be repeatedly stunned by fresh knowledge of imprudent or improper action on the part of public officials. And, to their discredit, the political leaders contribute to this. They proclaim the highest standards, which no one would dispute,

with the implication that only the opposition will deviate from them. The complexities of human behavior and of the workings of our vast interrelated bureaucracy are ignored for the simplicities of copy book maxims.

Maybe there is little that can be done to change such attitudes. Certainly they can not be changed overnight. But there is the danger that if our politicians continue their attempts to cover the realities of political life with banners proclaiming peerless integrity, the electorate will become not properly sophisticated but merely cynical. A large and continued discrepancy between words and deeds can induce little else.

If the Adams-Goldfine case illustrates nothing more it should suggest to everyone that, while ideals and standards are necessary, the limitations and flaws which allow for "corruption" are lodged not in any single party but in the human person. While such limitations and flaws are worth discussing on many levels, they should not be made to serve for campaign issues. Mr. Adams and Mr. Goldfine may be important and influential figures, but it is a mistake to treat them as national problems.

DEFEAT FOR THE PRESIDENT

HARD ON THE HEELS of the rough treatment given to the Mutual Security bill, President Eisenhower's program has run into another serious setback in the Senate. There the Senate Finance Committee shocked the Administration by voting to reduce to three years the five-year extension of the reciprocal trade agreement requested by the President. Only two Republicans responded to Mr. Eisenhower's urgent appeal for the five-year extension; the other five Republicans on the Committee voted to limit the extension of the 1934 Trade Agreements Act and at the same time to reduce by sixty per cent new tariff-cutting powers which had been included in the bill already passed by the House.

This was startling enough. But the very next day the Committee went further, voting eight-to-seven to deny Mr. Eisenhower his present power to overrule the Tariff Commission. Here five Democrats and three Republicans combined to impose a crippling limitation on the President. If sustained, their action would expose the Tariff Commission to even greater pressure from local interests, while denying the President the chance to reverse its recommendations in the national interest. Denial

to the President of this power over the Tariff Commission would thus mean the most severe blow to the entire concept of the Trade Agreements Act since it was first adopted as national policy in 1934. Secretary of Commerce Weeks was hardly exaggerating when he denounced the action by the Committee as spelling complete ruin for the entire Reciprocal Trade program, nor was Democratic Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois when he described the action as a "crushing defeat for the President and for the historic position of the Democratic Party."

What will happen to the Reciprocal Trade measure now is uncertain. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson has already made known his opposition to the curb placed on the President's powers, and this should help. When the bill reaches the floor of the Senate, Administration supporters may be forced to settle for a three-year extension rather than the five-year one requested by the President. But they will have to remove the curb on the President's power to overrule the Tariff Commission or the bill will almost certainly face a Presidential veto. Failure on this score would be another serious setback for President Eisenhower, but if he wants to win on this one, the President will have to fight for what he wants.

PANDORA'S BOX?

THE BILL to transfer nuclear information and material to other nations was recently passed by Congress after a minimum of debate and discussion. All the fears and misgivings expressed by opponents of the bill—that it would accelerate the creation of more nuclear powers in the world, that it ran counter to announced United States disarmament policy, that it would increase the danger of accidental or intentional nuclear war, that it would encourage the switch from conventional to nuclear weapons wherever possible—were hardly given a decent hearing.

As it stands, the language of the bill restricts the transfer of information and nuclear components to Britain, and the eventualities imagined by critics of the bill—nuclear weapons being made available ever more widely, in Europe, the Middle East, the Far East, Latin America—were dismissed as wild improbabilities.

There are arguments on both sides of the question, admittedly. Nuclear secrets can not be held indefinitely; our allies need this information for the development of peaceful atomic programs; it seems

illogical to keep from our allies the military capabilities possessed by our enemies. But subsequent events have already suggested that the arguments against this bill were not merely those of pacifists and alarmists. General de Gaulle, for instance, now insists that France become a nuclear power and, most recently, Switzerland has announced that it hopes to acquire an arsenal of nuclear weapons. The Swiss make it clear that their interest is in tactical weapons, to be sure, but the drift foreseen by those who counseled caution seems discernible already.

In the nature of things, men do foolish and wicked things, and accidents befall them. Obviously, the more possibilities there are for men to be foolish or wicked or unlucky with such a thing as a nuclear bomb, the greater the peril to all of us. Maybe the advantages of extending nuclear capability do, in fact, outweigh the disadvantages, but we're not so sure the disadvantages have been weighed with the care and caution the situation calls for.

MORE ON WIRETAPPING

MOST AMERICANS look upon wiretapping as an ugly and shameful practice, an invasion of privacy which is particularly reprehensible because it is by definition surreptitious and deceitful. The arguments in support of wiretapping, on the part of law enforcement agencies, of course, maintain that it is necessary to fight fire with fire and that to protect itself from its mortal enemies—criminals or subversives—society must resort to the terrible weapons appropriate to such a life and death struggle.

There are many who find these arguments unconvincing, however, who point out that they may be advanced equally to justify the invasion of privacy in the U.S. mails, for instance. At any rate, the legality of evidence secured by wiretapping is more and more widely questioned today, and such evidence is being rejected or treated with great caution in more and more American courtrooms. And beyond the question of admissible evidence, the Constitutional legality of the procedure itself, even for law enforcement agencies, has been categorically denied.

The most recent controversy over this issue arose in a small town in the state of New York, where Mr. James Warren, co-owner and general manager of the local telephone company, refused to cooperate with State police in tapping the phone of a

subscriber. According to the A.P. dispatch, the phone company owner, who is also a lawyer, was served with a court order for the wiretap but, instead of complying with it, he notified the subscriber whose phone was to be tapped, doing this in the presence of police officials.

He contended that wiretapping was an "unwarranted invasion of privacy," that "the people are paying for the service we render them and I propose to do everything I can to prevent . . . taking advantage." Mr. Warren was arrested on a charge of disclosing the contents of a court order, an indictable misdemeanor, but demanded a court examination of the charge.

It is impossible to pass any easy judgment in this case. The court order is part of the due process of our legal-judicial machinery and the telephone company owner was clearly defiant of the legitimately exercised authority of the court. But it is the contention of this citizen that in fact the order exceeded the legitimate authority of the court. Further, the order was one directing him to perform an act which he felt would violate the precepts of his conscience. The additional question he raised, too, of the ethical responsibilities he has towards his subscriber-clients, is not one that is easily dismissed.

Whatever the outcome of this particular case, it is, we think, symptomatic of the wide-spread uneasiness most Americans feel over the use of wiretapping. We respect the stand taken by Mr. Warren, and we believe that all citizens are in his debt, whether they agree with him or not. When this issue of wiretapping is forced to a final and unequivocal decision, it will be by people like him, people who are willing to take on the cost and the effort of the controversial "test case."

THE KENNEDY-IVES BILL

EFFORTS TO PASS labor legislation in this session of Congress have run into a whole series of roadblocks and detours. In the beginning, the labor leaders flatly opposed passage of such legislation, despite public pressure as a result of the hearings of the McClellan Rackets Committee, because they thought any legislation at this time would inevitably be anti-labor rather than anti-racketeering. Not many weeks ago, for example, A.F.L.-C.I.O. president George Meany issued a bitter blast at Senator Kennedy for his work on the labor reform bill. Recently, however, union officials took another look at the situation and changed

what we always considered an untenable position. A bill aimed at eliminating abuses in pension and welfare funds then went through without really serious difficulty, and the broader Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill reached the floor of the Senate with only the intractable Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona objecting. For a while it looked as if the Kennedy-Ives measure would have relatively smooth sailing.

At that point Secretary of Labor James Mitchell released a series of objections to the bill that could have killed its chances once and for all. This move struck most observers as a political maneuver, pure and simple, since Senators Kennedy and Ives had sought Labor Department counsel on the bill when it was being drawn up. Nonetheless, although the liberal Republican Senator Ives was plainly angered by the tactic, the two Senators accepted key suggestions made by Mr. Mitchell with good grace as useful improvements, remarking only that they wished the Secretary of Labor had seen fit to offer them before the bill reached the floor of the Senate. Another crisis had been surmounted, and the amended bill shortly afterward passed the Senate with only one vote cast against it, even though some Senators would have preferred a tougher and more sweeping measure.

With the Senate's part in the matter finished, the problem is one of getting the House to move. Now the situation has been complicated by the fact that the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the American Civil Liberties Union have issued strong criticisms of the measure. To the Chamber of Commerce and the N.A.M., the labor reform bill is not strong enough, although at least two of the measures to which they object were favored by the conservative Senator Taft in his lifetime; to the Civil Liberties Union the bill goes too far in its efforts to curb union corruption and promote democratic procedures. With fire coming from several directions at once, the chances for House passage of the bill grow slimmer and slimmer all the time.

Our own opinion on this question has not changed. We favored legislation for labor reform when the union leaders wanted none, and we continue to favor this particular bill despite the criticisms by the N.A.M., the Chamber of Commerce, and the Civil Liberties Union. We do not consider the Kennedy-Ives bill perfect; there are provisions in it we do not like, and there are items missing that we would like to see included. But the chances of getting a perfect or near-perfect bill on this subject in the foreseeable future are nil. We are willing

to settle for something less than perfection when the alternative seems to be no legislation at all, but it looks very much as if nothing is just what the country is going to get.

DREAMERS OF THE FUTURE

WRITERS within the Communistic bloc have survived many serious setbacks—that is, if they have survived at all. But some of them now face new difficulties. Those Soviet writers who deal in science-fiction, of all things, are the latest in the long line of artists in Communist lands who have incurred the displeasure of the ever-watchful Party theoreticians.

The Soviet writers of science-fiction have recently been scolded, by the Union of Writers of the Russian Republic, for timidity and lack of imagination. It was, for instance, only last year that science-fiction writers got their heroes even as far as Mars, complained the writers' union. The actualities of Russian scientific achievement, it was said, make the currently written science-fiction look pale by comparison. "Be bold," was the exhortation.

But suppose a science-fiction writer's depiction of Venusians, say, as rational or not, socialist or not, war-mongering or not, turned out to be in conflict with official Party dogma? Suppose his fictional zig should cross a Party zag? Never mind the consequences, say the Communist chieftains to the often burned, overly timid scribblers, never mind the firing squads and the Siberian prison camps—just be brave.

NEXT WEEK

DONALD BRANDON writes about the theory of "containment" in the light of recent developments.

"It is not, of course, the challenge of Communist military aggression which is the focal point of current comment by American and overseas critics of the foreign policy of the United States, although many are rightly concerned at the relative decline in Western military strength. It is Soviet strength and prestige at home and abroad, and the extension of Russian influence into the Near and Far East, Africa and even Latin America which appalls and frightens observers in Europe and the U.S."

Communism and Islam

How can men and women describing themselves as Moslems also say that they are Communists and serve the Communist Party?

by JAMES KRITZECK

IT HAS BEEN customary for some years now to regard certain areas of the world as "danger spots" with respect to Communism, some simply because of geographical proximity to the Communist world, but others because of the widespread and visible success of Communism and Communist activities within them. The supposition has been that such success has often been due to misunderstanding, if not positive self-blindness, on the part of many persons in these areas, and various steps have been taken to enlighten them and win them away from that path. These steps have rarely been conspicuously successful. Reasons for their failure vary with time and place, but one stands out fairly constantly: misunderstanding has too often been met with misunderstanding, and blindness with blindness.

High on the list of these "danger spots" are certain countries in the Islamic world, that wide band which stretches across Africa and a large part of Asia, which includes some four or five hundred million people, and which displays the common bond and heritage of the faith that "there is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is His apostle." In the light of the present state of world affairs, therefore, it may be worth examining the predispositions which a person brought up on and believing in the faith of Islam might have toward Communism.

Islam is, to begin with, a religion, a monotheistic religion based on revelation, similar in some ways to Judaism and Christianity. "This is Allah your Lord," says *surah* 6 of the Koran. "There is no god but He, the creator of all things. . . ." But Communism, even in its Soviet form, is not only atheistic but pledged to stamp out religion. The Communist youth were told in 1946: "Dialectical materialism, the philosophy of

Marxism and Leninism, and the theoretical foundation of the Communist Party, are incompatible with religion. . . . The world outlook of the Party is based on scientific data, whereas religion contradicts science. . . . As the Party bases its activities on scientific foundations, it is bound to oppose religion. . . ." Merely on the surface of the matter, then, it is difficult to see how there can be any compatibility whatever between Islam and Communism, or how men and women calling themselves Moslems can at the same time call themselves Communists and serve the Communist Party. But they do, and in considerable numbers.

FROM ITS INCEPTION Islam has been more than a religion in the ordinary denotation of the term, which admits qualifications such as "organized" and "unorganized." It has also been a strictly-defined earthly "community of true believers," and in this sense Islam has had particular economic and socio-political features.

For one thing, Islam is probably the only religion founded by a merchant. For much of his youth and most of his adult life Mohammed was engaged in trade, in a "company" owned by Khadijah, the woman who became his first wife. A learned dissertation has been written identifying and analyzing the many commercial terms used in the Koran, and Islam has even been called a "mercantile" religion, which is not entirely true. Nevertheless, the economic set-up of the early Islamic community does show signs of extreme commercial shrewdness. The community was supported, for example, not only by booty (since that had to come to an end sooner or later), but also by a heavy tax on the so-called "protected" non-Moslem subjects: "Fight against them . . . unto whom the scriptures have been delivered . . . until they pay tribute and are brought low (*surah* 9)." Thus the economic health of the

Mr. Kritzeck, a member of the faculty of Princeton University, is a specialist in Islamic literature and culture.

Islamic community depended, at least in part, upon the existence within that community of non-Moslems ready and able to pay for "protection," a fact which may help account not only for the tolerance of early Islam, but also for the immense defection to it of Christians, Jews, and Zoroastrians.

On the other hand, Mohammed had developed an intense scorn for the rich, and the Koran voices it. The believers are often contrasted to "those who heap up and put their faith in riches," for whom there awaits "a painful doom." While the Prophet lived, all wealth went to the community and was divided as he saw fit. Equality was no principle of distribution, however, and Mohammed was sometimes bitterly accused of injustice in the matter. Once the Islamic community was well on its way to financial success, after the *Hijrah* (flight) to Medinah in the year 622, a new notion became prominent: "As for those who gather gold or silver without spending it in the way of Allah [i.e. propagation of his faith], proclaim to them a painful punishment. . . . He who gives away his wealth in alms . . . will be satisfied (*surahs* 9, 92)." There was much dissension over the matter, as one might imagine, after the Prophet's death.

Article thirteen of the Creed of Abu-Hanifah, the celebrated jurist who founded one of the four orthodox schools of Islamic law, reads: "Gain is allowed and acquiring of money is allowed, but acquiring money by illicit actions is not allowed." That was the legal formulation of Islam's prohibitions against gambling: "Concerning wine and gambling . . . in both there is great sin (*surah* 2)" and, more significantly, against usury: "Whoever returns to usury, they shall be the companions of hell-fire (*surah* 2)." As in medieval Europe, moneylending was in the hands of Jews. Modern capitalism, as Mr. Tawney has satisfactorily demonstrated, was an impossibility with such an ethic.

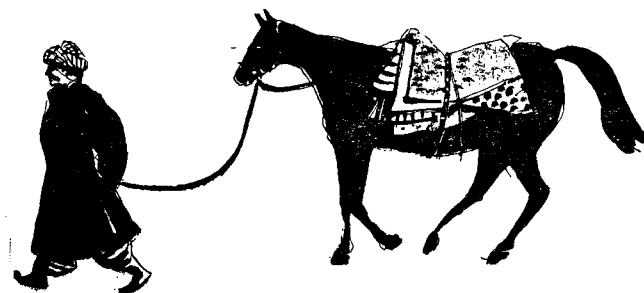
From its earliest times, then, Islam has had a tradition of state-controlled economy and of religious objections to the type of economic system which has developed into modern capitalism. But that alone need not predispose any Moslem toward Communism—any more than Acts 2:44-6 ("And all who believed were together and held all things in common, and would sell their possessions and goods and distribute them among all according as anyone had need") need predispose a Christian toward it. We must look further into the nature of the Moslem community itself.

THE MOSLEM Community (*ummah*) conceived itself, in accordance with the teaching of the Koran and the wishes of the Prophet, as a socio-political as well as a religious organization. Indeed it conceived itself as the implementation of the highest possible social ideal revealed by God Himself. Large portions of the Koran are devoted to complicated legislation

respecting inheritance, marriage and "social service," and Koranic law, in the hands of the holy lawyers (*ulama'*), came to embrace even the smallest details of social life. For Islam the building up of that community life on earth was and is of supreme importance, since Islam carried with it a weighty imperative; it viewed the world as composed of two parts, *Dar al-Islam* (the abode of Islam) and *Dar al-Harb* (the abode of war). It was regarded as incumbent upon every able Moslem to extend *Dar al-Islam*, even, when necessary, by *jihad* (holy war).

It would be foolish and misleading to suggest that the socio-political aspect of Islam is identical with Communism. "Nevertheless, on closer examination," as Bernard Lewis writes, "we find certain uncomfortable resemblances. Both groups profess a totalitarian doctrine, with complete and final answers to all questions on heaven and earth; the answers are different in every respect, alike only in their finality and completeness, and in the contrast they offer with the eternal questioning of Western man. Both groups offer to their members and followers the agreeable sensation of belonging to a community of believers, who are always right, as against an outer world of unbelievers, who are always wrong. Both offer an exhilarating feeling of mission, of purpose, of being engaged in a collective adventure to accelerate the historically inevitable victory of the true faith over the infidel evildoers. The traditional Islamic division of the world into the House of Islam and the House of War, two necessarily opposed groups, of which the first has the collective obligation of perpetual struggle against the second, also has obvious parallels in the Communist view."

There was a strong collectivist tendency in early Islam, and all believing Moslems were regarded as equals, with equal rights in and obligations to the community. To be sure, some social distinctions were recognized (the special place of the Prophet's family, of those who fought at the Battle of Badr, of those who had converted to Islam first, of the Arabs as an ethnic group, of those who performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and so on). Even more important, the right of private property was upheld. In Mohammed's farewell sermon he said: "Know ye . . . that ye are now one brotherhood. It is not right, therefore, for any one of you to appropriate unto himself anything that belongs



to his brother unless it is willingly given to him by that brother." Islamic history, however, affords a good many instances of the staunchly collectivist tendency reasserting itself, sometimes with the utmost fanaticism. The early Shiite movements, the Batanites, Carmathians, and even Ismailites are cases in point, and the Sufi religious orders likewise have many similarities with the social theory of modern Communism.

Undoubtedly Islam's strong egalitarianism was at the root of this tendency, and it is important to realize that it still has considerable strength. The Pan-Islamic movement (though that might be said to have developed in opposition to Pan-Slavism and to have engendered Pan-Turanianism and Pan-Arabism) certainly partook of it, and the recent federations of Egypt and Syria and of Jordan and Iraq, as well as the declared sympathies of Morocco and Tunisia for the Algerian rebels, make frequent allusions to it.

The question immediately arises: why has (or could) not this energetic tendency be channeled in the direction of democracy? The truth is that there is a great and perhaps lamentable difference between egalitarianism and democracy. Some authorities have professed to see in the old Arab councils of *shaykhs*, in the Islamic legal principle of *ijma'* (consensus), and in the very nature of the Moslem community, full-fledged democratic institutions. But the councils played little part even in early Islam, and the principle of *ijma'* is, as H. A. R. Gibb says, "by no means a liberal principle; on the contrary, it is a principle of authority. What the community says may not be gainsaid." As for the Moslem community itself, it must be said that it tended to develop the political institutions of autocracy, and sometimes even of tyranny, rather than those of democracy. For whatever it is worth, Islam can hardly champion either democracy or Communism and maintain its essential unity or be true to the Koran or the Islamic traditions. Still, the collectivist tendency of Islam in its many forms, as well as its political autocracy, could find in Soviet Communism as satisfactory and consistent an outlet as any that is now provided by the West.

I USED THE phrase "predispositions towards Communism" at the beginning of this article because I do not think that any stronger term would be appropriate for the type of thing we are considering. Islam as a religion is capable of opposing Communism strongly and effectively. Islam as a socio-political entity is not so capable of doing the same thing.

Soviet Communist policy has been sensitive to these facts. Its entire "line" toward the Islamic world changed in the early 1920's to one of sheer expediency. Apparently it views the world of Islam as one of Lenin's "reserves," where the simple ejection of capitalistic interests and the sowing of discontent can pave the way

for Communist revolution. The fact that there is no proletariat in the Islamic world is no obstacle to the Soviets; Communism no longer waits for history.

Whether or not the Communists are fully aware of the slight advantage they have in the Islamic tradition, they are certainly aware of the many secondary and accidental factors which favor their success. There is a vital and venerable anti-Western sentiment in every part of the Islamic world; the Communists, too, are against the West, her powers, institutions, ideas, and way of life. The Islamic world is shot through with secularistic nationalisms; Communism historically has fed well on them. The present social and economic discontent within the Moslem states is immense; Communism promises an immediate and total solution to that discontent.

These are the factors, no doubt, which lend a note of terrible urgency to the contest which is even at this moment taking place; they may also be the factors which will determine the outcome of the contest. But it would be wise for the free world to realize that it is faced in this matter with something more than recent and superficial phenomena; more, too, than weak and susceptible inclinations of backward peoples; it is faced with ideas and habits which are woven deeply into the fabric of Islamic history, tradition, and faith.

ALL MORNINGS BRIEF

Friend, it is clearly morning in your mind,
and will be morning for a space of lark climb:
but there are mountains (Hopkins almost named
them) for a man, not counting you, to scale.
I come in cloud and shadow.

Where is a word's
unerring staff, inviting slopes to dip
into my lungs to test the strength of breath?
I'm ready, have been ready for a night
—or more. But no one called.

Give one small sign
and I will bring my darkness to your morning.

Light is a gift and God its giver; God
is coined to all but lover, and He made,
they say, all mornings brief.

My friend, no turn
of His falls due: the move is yours.

And if
I shower gloom along the mountain trail,
the brightness of your love might filter through,
and I should see the morning and may be
the morning (maybe) for a space of lark climb.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP.

Seaway to the Future

by EDWARD T. CHASE

NO SINGLE works project in our time can match the long-range significance of the St. Lawrence Seaway in its impact upon the North American continent. The effects of this one-and-a-half billion dollar engineering marvel, whose hydro-electric power plant operation was recently opened with great fanfare after four years of construction, will rival the repercussions of the Panama Canal and the Suez—not as soon as the seaport press agents claim, to be sure, but by the 1970's and 80's.

A recital of what the Seaway does hardly reveals its meanings for all of us and our children and grandchildren, nor hints at the curious political turmoil surrounding its shamefully delayed birth. The new twenty-seven-foot deep Seaway, upon completion in 1962 (its opening is for April 1959), will permit eighty per cent of the world's ocean-going merchant marine to move 2,342 miles inland from sea level at Montreal to 600.5 feet above sea level at Duluth in Lake Superior, the farthest such penetration by ocean vessels of any continent. Secondly, in mastering the St. Lawrence, it will simultaneously create a hydro-electric plant out-ranked only by Grand Coulee, being capable of producing 1,880,000 kilowatts.

Such statistics are received unblinkingly in this age of material wonders. A more homely statistic may begin to help us understand why geographers, economists, political scientists and industrialists are excited, however. That is that one horsepower will move a ton on two wheels, forty tons on water. In short, the energy-friction ratio explains why, despite scientific progress, waterways provide the cheapest transportation and why cultures have been determined by waterways ever since man's earliest civilizations developed—in river regions and around the navigable highway of the Mediterranean.

The Seaway means, then, the further integration through low-cost transport of the industrial heart of America with the entire Atlantic community, in effect the industrial core of free western civilization. The opening of the 4,300 mile "Fourth Coast" (to outrank in commerce both the Pacific and the Gulf), thus means

an immense industrial stimulation throughout a sector of the globe that is already unrivaled for both its industrial and agricultural productivity, the hinterland of the Great Lakes, already contributing forty-five per cent of our national product. The eventual impact of this expansion in turn will involve vast population increase and re-grouping, including the birth of entirely new cities.

NOT THE LEAST of the Seaway's effects, furthermore, will be a cultural reorientation as this population is made acutely aware, by trade, not only of the rest of the world, but the rest of America, as the Seaway intermeshes with our other great transport systems. Traditionally isolationist mid-America will confront the rest of the world as never before, almost as New York, Philadelphia and Boston do, bringing home the truth that one cannot *sell* abroad without *purchasing* the goods of your customers abroad, a genuine two-way street. And there is every reason to believe that this will accelerate the demise of American economic isolationism as well as political isolationism. We can even hope that the cross-fertilization of ideas traditionally occurring with trade will result in other, subtler cultural understandings and stimulations.

All this is some time off, however, and somewhat unpredictably so, for a waterway's characteristics cannot be precisely calculated in advance; they can be proved out by experience only, of shipping time, of toll rates, weather, and labor conditions, so we do not really know how rapidly the build-up of this trade will take place. Hence the wild variations in official forecasts of expected trade, with the U.S. Department of Commerce's peak optimism seeing eighty-five million tons of traffic and its Canadian counterpart only half of that. What the cities of this new eighth sea do to provide expanded port facilities is another important open question. Certainly, none is now ready to handle the maximum draft vessels permitted by the Seaway.

In any event, what is already known is interesting matter. Historically, the Seaway has been long in birth, dating from the cutting of the original five-foot channel through the St. Lawrence wilderness at the end of the seventeenth century. In our own day we have been

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presented with the unedifying spectacle of some two hundred and fifty different organizations (making up the National St. Lawrence Project Conference) fighting to kill this enterprise, primarily representing such interests as the ocean ports, the railroads, utilities and coal companies. The general public good prevailed ultimately, not for its own sake, but because an irritated Canada threatened to build the Seaway alone in 1951 and because our industrialists feared that the exhaustion (as it turned out, unfounded) of the Mesabi iron ore fields called for a Seaway capable of bringing cheap new Labrador ores direct to our steel centers.

What must be appreciated to understand the Seaway is that, as in the past, the main activity for the near future at least will be in intra-Lakes movement of bulk cargo, ore, oil, coal, chemicals and grain, not the so-called general cargo of manufacturers, called merchandise freight, that we see moving in such immense volumes in and out of an ocean port like New York.

Nevertheless, there is continuing furor over toll rates (the Midwest wanting low tolls, the coastal areas high), easily comprehensible in terms of sectional interest yet a rather ignoble instance of our business-dominated political processes. In any event, the rates now officially proposed have been judiciously established so as to bring maximum income, being low enough to invite traffic, high enough to register fairly rapid accumulation, and thereby meet the legal requirement that the Seaway's cost be self-liquidating within fifty years. There is evidence, however, that the toll rates proposed were set especially to encourage general ocean cargo trade, as against bulk cargo.

In any case, the indication is that freight shipped from the central United States to Europe via the Seaway may move from a quarter to a third cheaper than if moved to the East Coast and thence by ship. A very careful study also shows that wheat shipments should run about ten cents per hundred pounds less than present rail-plus-water costs, a tremendous dollar saving in quantity shipments. It comes as a surprise to many to learn that Lake Erie ports are actually closer to some Northern European ports than New York is. We can expect the new Seaway to reduce sailing time from the Lakes region to Europe by about one-quarter.

IT CAN BE understood, therefore, why some experts estimate that perhaps four and a half million tons annually will be diverted from Atlantic and Gulf ports to the Seaway and that Eastern trunk railroads may withstand the loss of one to two per cent in gross revenues. This observer's view is that the Seaway's overall stimulation of trade will more than compensate for this. We will see over a half-million new jobs created by the Seaway within a few years after its opening and population growth quickened, a twenty-five per cent increase being predicted for Ohio for 1965.

Already we are seeing the development of new chemical plants on the shore-lines, taking advantage of easily shipped bulk raw materials. Chicago will come to surpass Montreal as North America's leading foreign trade city after New York, because it will be the chief terminal port of the Seaway system. We can anticipate that Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Toronto will be decisively affected by the Seaway, besides Chicago, of course, and that along with some fifty-odd smaller cities they will spend more on harbor improvements than the total spent on the Seaway.

Formidable problems will undoubtedly confront the Seaway's fullest flowering as a major factor in United States economic growth, but none seems insoluble. James R. Hoffa's International Brotherhood of Teamsters, in alliance with the International Longshoremen's Association, will surely strive to extend deep sea port wage scales to the presently lower-cost Lake ports when present contracts expire in 1960, and strikes are to be expected. Again, ice blockage of the Seaway a third of the year is inhibiting in many ways, but remarkable success in Scandinavia of melting waterway ice by forcing the deep warmer waters to the surface by compressed air bubbles from perforated plastic pipe suggests a means, along with other devices, that will in time give us a year-round Seaway. The Welland Ship Canal, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, may well prove a bottleneck, since recent studies show the average ship passage has nearly doubled in a steadily rising trend since 1935; yet should this become insupportable we shall see this remedied too, by a twin set of locks.

Finally, attention should be called to a little noted development soon to occur in our country—and this in a time when Senator Smathers' committee has correctly demonstrated a crisis in the railroads and a lamentable lack of a comprehensive national transportation policy—namely, an extraordinary concomitance of events adding up to a revolution in our transportation technology. These are the advent in the period 1958-1975 of the new twenty-seven-foot draft Seaway, jet air service on a mass commercial scale beginning this year, the one hundred billion dollar controlled-access federal highway system, and a revolution in cargo handling, whereby everything will be packed in large standardized metal containers interchangeable for all carriers (air, rail, truck, barge and ship), drastically reducing handling and pilferage costs.

It is transportation that determines the use of natural resources, the costs of production and distribution, the numbers of employed, the demand for materials. Thus it is the single most important dynamic in a nation's economy. No political leader, or responsible citizen for that matter, can afford to be unaware of these developments, for it will fall upon all of us to see how best they may be directed to benefit the collective life of our nation.

TRIAL BY HEADLINE

THE THEORY behind Congressional investigations is unexceptionable. It is rooted in the Common Law. It is founded on the idea that the power to compel pertinent testimony is implicitly granted with the right to legislate. A good legislator must be an informed legislator. So the right to carry out investigations has long been regarded as an attribute of the power to legislate. It was so regarded in the British Parliament. Before the American Revolution the right was recognized in the Colonial legislatures. It has been recognized in both Houses of Congress since the Revolution, and has long been recognized in most of our state legislatures.

The run-of-the-mill Congressional investigation passes unnoticed in the press. Experts on a hundred and one subjects are called in to inform and advise Congressmen and Senators; it is a routine practice in Congress. The witnesses called are treated courteously and dismissed gratefully.

The investigations that hit the headlines usually involve questions of guilt or innocence. They are more like criminal trials than sober fact-finding sessions. In so far as they cast a spotlight on political corruption or subversion that would otherwise have gone unnoticed, as they do from time to time, they have had good effects. But at what a cost to individual rights and fair procedures.

I do not say this as any general criticism of the Congressmen who conduct such investigations. Some of these men of course have been unscrupulous. More than one has used the power to investigate as a means of making political hay. But the majority have been conscientious and disinterested. The real problem lies in the fact that the investigations, whatever their nominal purpose, really amount to trials, as far as the public is concerned, and the accused do not even get the rights and privileges which are given to the most horrendous of criminals. Unless he perjures himself or is found guilty of contempt, no man faces jail after a Congressional investigation. Yet he may face something just as bad. He may find after he is dismissed that his reputation has been torn to shreds; he may find that he no longer has a job; he may find that he and his family are doomed to live under a cloud. In effect the investigation which was ordered so the Congressmen could inform themselves has amounted to a trial in such a case—a trial before the bar of public opinion.

In a real trial the accused would get a much fairer break. He could have cross-questioned his accusers. He could have presented witnesses in his own defense. His case would have been handled by two lawyers,

one of whom would have his interests at heart. The final decision would have been handed down by a jury of the witness' peers.

The man found "guilty" by the public after a Congressional hearing has had none of these safeguards. During the hearing he is permitted to consult with a lawyer, but his lawyer has no right to challenge or cross-question the witnesses used against him. He is really at the mercy of the Committee's counsel, who may or may not be interested solely in the truth. He may or may not have friends among the Congressmen conducting the investigation. In many cases the busy Congressmen actually have only the haziest idea of what the hearing is all about. They are not required to show they have prepared themselves for it or even to sit through it. Their chairman may call off the hearing whenever he chooses. They may accept or reject evidence as they choose. They may call in whatever witnesses they want to hear and ignore others. To a great extent they can control the press coverage.

In fact, the Congressional investigation which ends up in a popular-opinion vote of guilt or innocence is a throwback to the inquisitorial method of conducting trials. Implicit in it is the notion that a man must either prove himself innocent, to the satisfaction of the press and the public, or leave the hearing-room marked with guilt. The man may or may not be guilty. He may or may not deserve the shame that is heaped upon him by a thousand unfavorable headlines. But that is not the point. The point is that the means used to find him guilty would be considered shameful if they were applied in the case of a common criminal before the bar of justice.

The one formal safeguard carried over from the criminal code is the witness' right to use the Fifth Amendment, to refuse to produce self-incriminating evidence on his own. But as things have turned out, the use of the Fifth Amendment privilege has become a self-incriminating device. A man who uses it is tightening the noose around his own neck, as it were.

It seems to me that Congressional investigations are here to stay. Some of them, like the present Goldfine hearing in Washington, amount to public trials. If there were a frank understanding that they did amount to trials, new procedures—more like the procedures in a criminal courtroom—could be developed. But I think we are a long way off from such frank recognition. In the meantime one can only hope that more people will begin to understand what a Congressional hearing really is—what its limitations are as a means of determining either guilt or innocence.

JOHN COGLEY.

For the author of "The Screwtape Letters,"
the conquest of space is an evil feat

God, Space, and C. S. Lewis

by PHILIP DEASY

IN A RECENT article in the *Christian Herald*, C. S. Lewis put the question, "Will We Lose God in Outer Space?" Clive Staples Lewis is, of course, the Oxford don (Cambridge since 1954) who, without losing any of his authority in his specialty of medieval and Renaissance literature, has established himself as the foremost popular Christian apologist since Chesterton. Mr. Lewis' best known book, *The Screwtape Letters*, a series of directives sent by His Infernal Excellency in Hell to an assistant Devil on earth, has been translated into at least ten languages. His radio talks over B.B.C. were so widely and enthusiastically received that they were later published in book form: *The Case for Christianity*, *Christian Behavior*, and *Beyond Personality*.

Though he is a member of the Church of England, to which he returned in 1930 after many years of repudiating Christianity, his writings are avidly read by Roman Catholics, for whom in fact, some of the books are almost considered Catholic texts. (This is not to say that Mr. Lewis is always and consistently orthodox in the Roman Catholic theological view. Father John J. Lynch, for example, writing in *The Critic* last year, noted that several theologians found "dangerous theological errors" in *Beyond Personality*.) As a felicitous blending of the scholarly and the artistic temperaments, a rare combination among modern intellectuals, academic or otherwise, Mr. Lewis has succeeded as few others in causing Christianity to be discussed seriously and publicly.

Mr. Lewis's *Christian Herald* article was not the first time he had written about outer space. In fact all the major speculations to which he gives vent in the article—the discovery in outer space of other forms of rational beings, the possibility that unfallen peoples may inhabit other planets, the probability of man's exercising a theological imperialism over outer space beings—all had been developed in his fictional trilogy: *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, *That Hideous Strength*.

In the first of these novels (published in 1938; the sequels followed in 1943 and 1945 respectively), Mr. Lewis's hero, Elwin Ransom, a don philologist, his two

villains, Weston, a physicist, and Devine, a gold-seeking adventurer, who have kidnaped Ransom for the outer space flight, come upon three different species of rationality on Malacandra (Mars), all in non-human form. In *Perelandra*, Ransom lands on the planet Venus just in time to save The Green Lady, the Mother Eve of that planet, from succumbing as our earthly Eve had done, to the blandishments of Satan. Weston arrives on Venus, too, first as his garrulous, imperialistic self (he thinks and talks of space conquering only in terms of power and exploitation) and then as Un-Man when Satan assumes his body to tempt The Green Lady. In a stirring duel Ransom slays the Un-Man and saves the Lady.

That Hideous Strength recounts the further adventures of Ransom, this time on Earth. There "the force or forces behind Weston" have concentrated all their power and energies in the N.I.C.E., the National Institute of Co-ordinated Experiments, set up at the University of Edgestow. "A constructive fusion between state and laboratory," the Institute aims at "the scientific reconstruction of the human race in the direction of increased efficiency." Under its manipulations, that is, the human race is to become "all Technocracy." Here again, Ransom, transformed after his return from *Perelandra* (Venus) into a golden-haired, golden-bearded man of perpetual youth, is again in the role of holy destroyer, a kind of modern Red Cross Knight overcoming with the help of heavenly powers the modern Archimago of Scientism.

HOW, IT might be asked, do *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength*, stand up as space age reading for 1958? On the conventional, science-fiction level, *Out of the Silent Planet* has all the thrills, terrors, and suspense of a flight into the vast unknown and the return to Earth, all the absorbing excitement, once on Mars, of exploring a strange planet and its stranger looking inhabitants. But primarily this novel, and to an even greater extent its sequels, is a fictional prolongation of what William James purportedly told his dinner guests, "Come, let us gossip about the universe."

The "gossip" is what counts in the trilogy. Mr.

Mr. Deasy, for many years a teacher of English literature, is a frequent contributor to *The Commonweal*.

Lewis's characters, at best only slightly individualized, are no more real than they need to be as functions, as it were, of his theological ideas. However else the trilogy may be referred to—science-fiction, fantasy, myth, etc.—it is primarily a fiction of ideas. Ransom's "gossip" with the three species of rationality on Mars, the *hrossa*, the *seroni*, and *pfiftriggi*, include discussions of death, immortality, poetry, free will and religion. (On the latter point Ransom speedily gives up "his pious intention of converting the Martians.") He learns about the *eldila*, the spirit intelligences who move mysteriously about the planet, and of the Oyarsa, the super-eldil who rules the planet as the deputy of Maledil (God).

In *Perelandra*, which makes enthralling reading just considered as a prose poem, a "composition of images," the conversations take up the more sublime topics of the Fall, the Incarnation and the Redemption, the Last Things. Ransom and Weston have two lengthy debates which might be headed True Theology versus Spurious Theology. In all the exchanges Mr. Lewis has his own ingenious way, with an irony of much edge and originality, of pointing up earthly Man's own deficiencies, irrationalities and plain stupidities. His inventiveness is inexhaustible, but when he gives it full play, as he does in *That Hideous Strength*, he is likely to exhaust the reader.

AFTER NOTING the very real attractions of these works, one must finally consider an aspect of Mr. Lewis' trilogy that must for many readers prove an insuperable stumbling block. That is his total and unrelenting attack on science. It doesn't suffice to protest that that attack is against godless scientism. In the trilogy there is no other science but the godless and dehumanizing, nor any other kind of scientist than those of the N.I.C.E.'s Power Elite, "dragging up from its shallow and unquiet grave the old dream of Man as God," men who, as is said of one of them, "had passed from Hegel into Hume, thence through Pragmatism, and then through Logical Positivism and out at last into the complete void."

Consider, for example, how far removed from the temper, at least the American temper, of our Satellite Age is this passage from *Perelandra*. The passage refers to Weston, the physicist conqueror of outer space. "He was a man obsessed with the idea which is at this moment circulating all over our planet in obscure works of 'scientifiction,' in little Interplanetary Societies and Rocketry Clubs, and between the covers of monstrous magazines, ignored or mocked by the intellectuals, but ready, if ever the power is put into its hands, to open a new chapter of misery for the universe. It is the idea that humanity, having now sufficiently corrupted the planet where it arose, must at all costs contrive to seed itself over a larger area; that the vast astronomical dis-

tances which are God's quarantine regulations, must somehow be overcome. This for a start. But beyond this lies the sweet poison of the false infinite—the wild dream that planet after planet, system after system, in the galaxy, can be forced to sustain, everywhere and forever, the sort of life which is contained in the loins of our own species—a dream begotten by the hatred of death upon the fear of true immortality, fondled in secret by thousands of ignorant men and hundreds who are not ignorant. The destruction or enslavement of other species in the universe, if such there are, is to these minds a welcome corollary. In Professor Weston the power had at last met the dream."

Thus in the trilogy space conquest is not seen as a good at all. It is a scientific feat by evil men who break "by enginry and natural philosophy" a barrier implied by God's assurance that He would not send down from "Deep Heaven" Powers "to mend or mar on Earth until the end of all things." The breaking of the space barrier, "God's quarantine regulations," merits punishment. Weston, transformed into Un-Man when the Devil assumes his body, and destroyed by Ransom, gets his own personal dire punishment. The supreme irony of the trilogy is that Weston's successful invasion of other planets changes God's mind, as it were, and the Powers are now permitted to go to Earth and aid Ransom in the destruction of the Weston forces, the N.I.C.E.

BUT THIS, it may be objected, is Mr. Lewis writing in the early forties. Has he not, probably, changed his opinions concerning outer space in the late fifties? Not at all. "I have wondered before now," he writes in his *Christian Herald* article, "whether the vast astronomical distances may not be God's quarantine precautions. They prevent the spiritual infection of a fallen species from spreading." His anti-modern-civilization bias persists. "Man destroys or enslaves every species he can. Civilized man murders, enslaves, cheats and corrupts savage men. . . . Our ambassadors to new worlds will be the needy and greedy adventurer or the ruthless technical expert. They will do as their kind has always done." And Mr. Lewis is probably expressing his truest view when he adds, "But let us thank God that we are still very far from travel to other worlds."

It might be interesting to note here that there are other theological views on the matter of "God and vast astronomical distances." For instance, speaking within recent months to members of the Seventh Astronautical Congress on the subject of space exploration, Pope Pius noted: "The Lord God Who has put into the heart of man an insatiable desire to know did not intend to set a limit to his efforts to conquer when He said, 'Subdue the Earth.' It is the whole of creation that He has entrusted to him and that He offers to the human mind so that he may ponder it and thus be able to

understand ever more deeply the infinite goodness of his Creator."

Mr. Lewis, as a writer of "modern fairy tales for grownups" (so he subtitles *That Hidden Strength*) can indulge in monolithic simplicities. A Christianity pure and good destroys a science debased and evil. That, however, is probably a bit too pat for Space Age science fiction. Mr. Lewis's own nostalgia for another age, particularly in *That Hidden Strength*, keeps showing. It is a nostalgia for an ideal, pastoral past, preferably the Christian England of King Arthur, often referred to in *That Hidden Strength*, not to mention the dramatic role a revived Merlin plays in that novel in helping Ransom and the *eldila*. Mr. Lewis has his own saving humor about that nostalgia. When he delivered his inaugural lecture as Professor of Medieval and Renaissance Literature at Cambridge University in 1954, he remarked that he was aware that some of his hearers didn't want "to be lectured on Neanderthal man by a Neanderthaler, still less on dinosaurs by a dinosaur."

The world the N.I.C.E. would have brought into being is the kind of world Romano Guardini foresees in *The End of The Modern World*. Mr. Lewis nowhere suggests in his trilogy the possibility of Christianizing the N.I.C.E. Anything like a technologized Christian humanism is evidently repugnant to him; nor is there any likelihood of his seeing, in Father J. N. Moody's words, "post-Medieval history, not as progressive 'secularization,' but as a gradual unfolding of an age of technology, which is part of the great and mysterious evolution in time of the universe devised by God." Can a popular Christian apologist continue to be effective and relevant in our Space Age without such a vision? To ask the question, it seems to me, is to answer it.

THE SCREEN

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT

IN SPITE OF its symbols not always being clear, "The Key" is a very impressive and moving film. Against a World War II background in England and on sea is told a story of the men who commanded the ocean-going tugboats on the Western Approaches, men who knew war's fear and grief and despair as their tugs went to the rescue of cargo ships damaged by the enemy. Starting in 1941, when England was dependent on convoys reaching her shores, the plot centers on one man, an American captain in Canadian service, forcefully played by William Holden, but it also skilfully tells the story of many men—and one woman.

When Holden arrives in Westport, England, to take up his duties, he meets an old friend, also a skipper of a rescue tug, portrayed with warmth and sensitivity by Trevor Howard. Howard takes Holden to the flat which he shares with Stella (Sophia Loren), an arrangement he inherited from a late tugboat captain who moved in when Stella's fiancé was killed the night before their wedding. Realizing that none of the tugboat commanders survives for long, Howard gives Holden a key to the flat, with instructions for him to take over when Howard is gone. And after Howard's death on a salvage mission, Holden, somewhat reluctantly, moves in. He and Stella fall genuinely in love and plan to get married, Holden having succeeded in freeing her from her past by giving her the duplicate key. But when he is called out on a particularly dangerous mission, he foolishly passes on his own key to another officer (Kieron Moore) who uses it when Holden's boat is reported sunk. War-scarred and badly wounded, Holden turns up at the flat to find the new man installed and Stella furious that Holden passed on his key, after all. In her hurt and sorrow, she runs away from him.

This is a tale of despair and sorrow, with danger and death always imminent. Carl Foreman, who gave the picture its first-rate production, wrote its script from Jan de Hartog's novelette *Stella*; and while he made some changes from the original, the screenplay is intelligent, literate and engrossing. Director Carol Reed has handled it with utmost realism in the exciting sea scenes and with finesse in the unconventional love story that is depicted with taste and discretion. Furthermore, Reed has succeeded in getting good performances out of the entire cast, including Miss Loren, who comes through well in the difficult role of a woman stunned by war, rescued by love and then shattered by the turn of events. The supporting cast, that includes Oscar Homolka, Bryan Forbes, Bernard Lee and many others in smaller roles, is good throughout. Some of the war sequences, expertly photographed by Oswald Morris, are among the best ever to appear in a movie. Of course, not all audiences will be attracted to this definitely adult story in which wartime mores and anguish are so vividly portrayed. But discriminating moviegoers will find much to think about in the situation of these people, and they will grasp most of the symbols, at least the obvious ones like the big sign over the neighboring tattooing establishment that reads, "Names and hearts removed without a trace."

A FILM LIKE "The Key," while not necessarily condoning its characters' behavior, at least tries to understand it. A film like "King Creole," for which Michael V. Gazzo and Herbert Baker wrote the melodramatic script from Harold Robbins' novel *A Stone*

for *Danny Fisher*, is so busy justifying its hero's erratic and erotic carryings-on that it has little time to make the character understandable. Hal Wallis' production, however, had many problems to overcome. So that Elvis Presley could play the Danny role, the locale was set in New Orleans and ill-treated Danny was changed from a prizefighter to a singer. It must be said in favor of Director Michael Curtiz that he does succeed in getting Presley to act every now and then, but the cards are stacked in such an obvious manner against Danny that even Montgomery Clift couldn't have handled the role with conviction.

Poor, motherless Danny has to work as a busboy in a cheap nightclub because his father just can't hold on to a job. At work one morning, he comes to the defense of a girl (Carolyn Jones) who's being pushed around by a hoodlum, so Danny is late to high school and then can't graduate because the authorities don't understand his predicament. Next he falls in with some young hoods and helps them rob a ten-cent store, and later, when Danny does get a good singing job in a better nightclub, the young hoods force him into holding up the drugstore where his ineffectual father now works. All this is pretty sad and phoney; and seldom before have so many immoral and villainous characters been crowded into one movie. Worst villain of all is the racketeer played by Walter Matthau, who sneers meanly as he uses Carolyn Jones and the young hoods to get Danny into his power. As an accompaniment to all this clap-trap is plenty of Presley singing and gyrating as well as the lascivious song-and-dance acts of Liliane Montevecchi and other performers at the night spots on Bourbon Street. No doubt adults won't be moved much by "King Creole" one way or the other, but unfortunately teenage audiences may be taken in, especially since Danny is supposed to be a sympathetic character and at the end goes unpunished by the police for his crimes.

THE FRENCH, who like a good spoof every now and then, have come up with a hilarious burlesque called "The Man in the Raincoat." Perhaps they're kidding Alfred Hitchcock or Carol Reed or any of the good directors who like to spin a thriller about an innocent who gets caught in a whirl of terrifying events. Fernandel, who is excellent as the booby getting into trouble, portrays a clarinetist who is given a girl's telephone number by his friend the oboe player. Since his wife is away visiting a sick uncle, Fernandel decides to kick up his heels and visit this woman; and while he is at her apartment, she is stabbed in the back. From then on, everything happens to this soft-hearted fool, who is so inept at covering his tracks that he can't even get rid of the raincoat he was seen in on the night of the murder.

Julien Duvivier, who directed (and wrote the script

with Rene Barjavel), surrounds the blundering comedian with characters almost as funny as the horsey Fernandel himself: Bernard Blier as a mischievous blackmailer; John McGiver as a big-time crook; Claude Sylvain as the woman McGiver's keeping; Jacques Duby as the gigolo Claude's keeping; Rob Murray as McGiver's bodyguard, whose avocation is juggling; and an assortment of weird, immoral and utterly zany people who get involved in a series of murders and chases around Paris. If for one minute "The Man in the Raincoat" slowed its pace and got serious, the picture would seem indecent; but the satire continues in such a fast and ridiculous manner that one never considers its implausibility. Like "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Duvivier's film is based on the assumption that murder can be funny, and the scene just before the finale has more corpses strewn around than the last act of "Hamlet."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"TROUBLE IN CALIFORNIA"

Banning, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: In regard to the article "Trouble in California" [June 20] by Ted Le Berthon, the author's theory—that the newspapers of the state are against taxing private schools as an offset to their attack on Pat Brown in order to appease "the Catholic vote"—does not hold water. Leading newspapers of San Francisco and Los Angeles editorialized in May and June of 1957, respectively, against taxing private schools. That was quite some time before the political wars warmed up and, if I remember correctly, it was also quite some time afterward that Mr. Knowland announced his right-to-work ticket. If the author will talk with some more politically astute Catholics I think he will find that here is one, non-political question that is glaringly black and white and that there is only one side on which thinking men can stand; so the editors stand there.

Editors do think, don't they?

GEORGE J. WOLFE.

San Francisco, Cal.

TO THE EDITORS: Ted LeBerthon's "Trouble in California" [June 20] will help awaken Americans to the very real danger to freedom of education posed by the group masquerading under the pseudonym "Californians for Public Schools." However, the threads of conspiracy that he weaves his case with are not as strong as he makes them appear; and by implication the picture presented is quite distorted.

The timing of the tax measure and the gubernatorial race; the "presumption in California. . . that no Catholic (or Jew for that matter) could possibly be elected governor"; the assertion in the form of universal affirmative sentences that Scottish Rite Masons and the clergy of major Protestant denominations are leading the fight against nonprofit schools, these are plausible theses but actually not supported sufficiently by evidence to be used so unconditionally and so categorically.

Religion has not been an issue of any consequence in the gubernatorial contest to date. Democrat Brown and Republican Knowland both have opposed Proposition 16, the tax measure, although Knowland's *Oakland Tribune* has yet to commit itself on the issue. The "Operation Big-Switch" between Governor Knight and Senator Knowland, the right-to-work initiative, and water have been the basic points of departure for the candidates. Aside from some splinter and fringe groups which probably thunder out against Brown most ineffectually, there seems to be no reason to anticipate a religious war in November.

To assert that the Republican papers of the State are trying to "appease and assuage Catholic voters offended by the attacks on Mr. Brown" by opposing the imposition of taxes on Catholic schools is pure hypothesis and manifestly an unfair imputation of motives. The vast majority of editors, Democratic and Republican alike, have forthrightly opposed Proposition 16 because they see it for what it is: unjust and punitive legislation, un-American because directed at one group, as Mr. LeBerthon rightly says, and fiscal folly.

While it is true that the Inspector General of the Scottish Rite has for years sparked the campaign in California against schools and foisted on members the scurrilous literature attacking Catholics in P.O.A.U. style, yet clear distinction must be made between head and members; so too for the Protestant clergy.

"Citizens United Against Taxing Schools" has the active support of prominent Masons, of Protestant bishops and clergy, and of church members in impressive numbers and prestige; not all, of course, perhaps not even a majority, but large numbers all the same.

Finally, to insist that the opposition should really call themselves "Californians for Public Schools Only" misses a salient fact. This organization is not *for* public schools and never has been, even in its earlier years as "Constitution Advocates," "Friends of the Public Schools," and "The California Taxpayers Alliance." Never has it supported a public school tax increase or bond issue; the June 3rd primaries saw three bond issues in Los Angeles and two tax increases in San Francisco and Oakland passed without any endorsement or help from the front organization "Californians for Public Schools."

This organization is not *for* any schools, public or otherwise; it is simply anti-Catholic, but it is not there-

by co-terminus with the Scottish Rite or the Protestant clergy or any other group.

More power to Mr. LeBerthon for bringing the issue before the national press.

(Rev.) MARK J. HURLEY.

AUTHOR'S PROTEST

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: I have made it a policy never to protest any criticism of anything I have written and published, on the grounds that a critic has an inviolable right to dislike anything, even if that dislike seems to me to include a large element of misunderstanding. I do feel obliged, however, to object to your comments on my book [Apr. 18] based on an interview with me published under the byline of Mr. Mike Wallace. My conversation with Mr. Wallace covered many areas, and required nearly an hour and a half to come to its conclusion. From this conversation an assistant of his most maliciously selected some five hundred or so words which entirely misrepresent the content of the interview. Mr. Wallace has admitted the misrepresentation and apologized for it, and he will run another column of material excerpted from the same interview to correct the false impression.

As writers and editors, your staff will, I am sure, understand that a discussion of the pleasures of craftsmanship can be so removed from context that it seems to be a denial of the writer's obligation to the result of his craft. I am, of course, responsible for everything I write, though this statement does not carry with it any necessary implication that I assert a transcendent value for my own opinions. The ego-satisfaction which a writer receives from his attempt to impose his own views on his readers is not, to my mind, one of the more admirable pleasures of the trade. It exists, and all writers feel it, but I should like to believe that I have a more creditable reason for my joy in my work.

Incidentally, I do not regard myself as in any way a spokesman for the advertising business; I have never had any relation to the business except that of a self-employed reporter on it. I will not argue with your question of "who would respect or wish to read the opinions of a man who places so little value on them himself?" Personally, I always respect opinions submitted with diffidence over those submitted with passion—but here we are in an area of taste. More important than the question of taste is the fact that your question has no relation to my book, which consists of 17 chapters of reportage as straight and unopinionated as I can make it, followed by two chapters of comment representing between them less than one-tenth the total wordage of the book. And the overall conclusion which these chapters represent is actually very similar to your own in your one narrow area of

moral judgment: that "the common fears concerning Madison Avenue have little basis." I cannot avoid the conviction that your commentator, like Mr. Wallace and the young lady who put together his column, did not in fact read my book. If this conviction accurately states the fact, I have a question for you: By what standard of moral judgment can an editor praise and publish opinions strongly held, no doubt, but rooted in deliberate and easily remedied ignorance?

MARTIN MAYER.

REPLY

MR. MAYER raises several interesting points and presents equally interesting opinions. He states that the interview which was printed misrepresented the long conversation which he had with Mr. Wallace. We are pleased for the sake of Mr. Mayer—and the truth—if the misrepresentation has been corrected. But we based our remarks on the few comments we quoted and these Mr. Mayer has neither denied nor modified.

The discussion of a writer's craft can be misleading, and we sympathize with Mr. Mayer. We also believe, on the basis of his work, that he attempts to do more by his writing than satisfy his ego, that he feels the "obligation to the result of his craft." With Mr. Mayer's *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.*, this would entail, we presume, an attempt at accurate reporting and responsible judgment.

We accept Mr. Mayer's statement of his relation to the advertising business. Indeed, we termed him a

"free-lance writer" and suggested that he was a "self-appointed spokesman [who] spoke only for himself." He states that his overall conclusion is similar to our own. Our description of his book as "a favorable study of the advertising community in this country" would suggest to most readers that we spoke from deliberate knowledge. Our conclusion is similar to Mr. Mayer's in that we agree that the common fears concerning Madison Avenue are extreme.

But to the most important point. Our editorial centered on Mr. Mayer's statement that he didn't think his "own opinions were more valid than the opinions of the majority," and that "I wouldn't wish to define any of my thoughts or opinions as truths. Truth is a relative matter. Any idiot's truth is as good as mine." Our differences with Mr. Mayer may derive entirely from the regrettable confusion of language here. If, in his last statement, Mr. Mayer actually *means* "truth," then he is talking about something which exists independently of him or the idiot, and again we would agree with him. But if, as his previous statement implies, he actually means "opinion," we must disagree. Some opinions *are* better than others. We would, for instance, rather have the informed opinion of Mr. Mayer concerning "Madison Avenue" than that of an idiot, or an uninformed majority. In any case it is evident that our fears concerning Mr. Mayer have been exaggerated. We are really in closer agreement with Mr. Mayer than our editorial would signify. For, as his letter indicates, and his interview did not, he *is* willing to stand up for his opinions—and with an engaging degree of passion.

THE EDITORS.

BOOKS

English and American Poets of the Fifties

NEW POETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. Edited by Donald Hall, Robert Pack and Louis Simpson. Meridian. Cloth, \$4. Paper, \$1.45.

By JANET FISCALINI

THIS ANTHOLOGY offers a broad selection from more or less conservative contemporary poetry. None of the writers is over forty, but certain of them—Robert Lowell, Howard Nemerov, Richard Wilbur, Howard Moss, among the Americans—must be well known. And some of their best work is included in the book.

Confronted, however, with three hundred pages of "new" poetry, one is inclined to seek out the very new-

est and downiest. First of all, there is the British "movement." The group has published anthologies of its own, complete with prefaces and program; Philip Larkin, Kingsley Amis, Donald Davie and others are associated with it. They are in immediate reaction to the British "romantics" of the forties, such as Dylan Thomas and George Barker, and in general reaction to those various inventions, conventions and devices we have called "symbolist." Thus they do not want poems built upon traditions of history or myth; neither do they want "private" mythologies. A kind of *prose pur* is what they seem to aspire to: immediate, real matter; empirical method; restraint. They own a debt to Empson (any

number of villanelles have appeared), and they exhibit a debt to Auden, especially in their attempts at the offhand colloquial.

In his two books of criticism, Mr. Davie has had provocative things to say about the Augustan poets; he is fascinated, especially, by the effects achieved in traditional, tight, correct syntax. Some of his stanzas in this book certainly do have that clean compactness. There are nice distinctions and significant turns on the relative pronoun in "Knaresborough."

"... But there it is,
The heart is not to be solicited.
Believe me, sir, I only ply my
trade
Which is to know when I am

played upon.
 You might have moved, you
 never shall persuade."
 Or the first and last stanzas of "The
 Garden Party."

"Above a stretch of still un-
 ravaged weald
 In our Black Country, in a
 cedar shade,
 I found, shared out in tennis
 courts, a field
 Where children of the local
 magnates played . . .
 My father, of a more submis-
 sive school
 Remarks the rich themselves
 are always sad.
 There is that sort of equalizing
 rule,
 But theirs is all the youth we
 might have had."

But he has five poems in this anthol-
 ogy: two little dialogues, really
 chats with himself; two small-scale
 studies of English poets and atti-
 tudes; and "The Garden Party." All
 are damaged by archness. Profes-
 sorial, knowing little coughs in the
 dialogues ("You mean," "you un-
 derstand," "no doubt," "perhaps,"
 "my dear") and embarrassing wrig-
 gles in "The Garden Party."

"The phantom of my earliest
 love arrived;
 I shook absurdly as I shook her
 hand."
 Such cuteness is not derived from
 the Augustans. It has its roots, prob-
 ably, in this century's endless love af-
 fair with "irony," that old passion
 this group has resurrected again.
 Unfortunately, the ironic attitude
 can degenerate into a mannered
 manner. Mock self-deprecation, a
 reduced subject, an air of marvelous
 shrewdness will get you this tone;
 at the worst, you will sound like a
 particularly tiresome master of cere-
 monies.

Mr. Amis, in his one deliberately
 colloquial piece in this anthology,
 mutes the self-deprecation, and a
 pleasant bluster results.

"We men have got love well
 weighed up; our stuff
 Can get by without it.
 Women don't seem to think
 that's good enough;
 They write about it."
 The poems of Philip Larkin are

a good deal more convincing.
 "Church Going" is dogged, earnest,
 deliberately dull detail turning odd-
 ly into eloquence. "At Grass," a
 poem about race horses past racing,
 is wonderfully graceful.

"Do memories plague their
 ears like flies?
 They shake their heads. Dusk
 brims the shadows.
 Summer by Summer all stole
 away,
 The starting-gates, the crowds
 and cries—
 Almanacked, their names live;
 they
 Have slipped their names, and
 stand at ease,
 Or gallop for what must be
 joy,
 And not a fieldglass sees them
 home,
 Or curious stop-watch proph-
 esies;
 Only the groom, and the
 groom's boy,
 With bridles in the evening
 come."

On the whole, these writers seem
 to be concerned with the small
 moral or psychological insight; often
 their poems reflect social or eco-
 nomic situations in England.

Of the younger American writers,
 two are impressive. W. S. Merwin,
 a brilliant poet, has controlled sev-
 eral styles, several kinds of poems.
 The technical achievements would
 ask much admiring analysis; one can
 say simply, however, he is the only
 one of his contemporaries who has
 been able to hold a high lyric tone.
 "December: of Aphrodite" is a fine
 example and "The Ballad of John
 Cable" is another grave and really
 dazzling poem.

James Wright's work is of a dif-
 ferent kind. His models, as he says,
 are Frost and Robinson; his subject,
 his point of departure, are immedi-
 ate and occasional, rather than
 mythical. "On the Skeleton of a
 Hound," excited and crammed with
 images, has grandeur:

"For a last charm to the dead,
 I lift the skull
 And toss it over the maples
 like a ball . . .
 I know the mole will heave a
 shin bone over,

The earthworm snuggle for a
 nap on paws,
 The honest bees build honey
 in the head;
 The earth knows how to
 handle the great dead
 Who lived the body out, and
 broke its laws,
 Knocked down a fence, tore up
 a field of clover."

"To the Ghost of a Kite" is an ex-
 ceptionally graceful poem. Mr.
 Wright may suffer, though, from the
 very faults of Frost and Robinson.
 There is a point at which under-
 emphasis can become overemphasis,
 the simple turn sentimental. This
 is from "Paul":

"The doctor had a word for
 Paul;
 He said that she was resting
 now,
 And would not wake, and that
 was all.
 And then he walked into the
 snow,
 Into the snow he walked
 away."

Perhaps it is effective. But an en-
 tire poem constructed, as this one
 is, from such reductions and repeti-
 tions, looks like exploitation.

Of the rest, Philip Booth, Robert
 Pack, and Donald Hall seem to me
 representative. Mr. Booth's poems
 are made of soft rhymes, soft
 rhythms, nice plants and animals.
 "Heron" makes a surprising trans-
 formation, in which the verse form
 functions beautifully. But most of
 his work, proceeding agreeably
 through sunlight, wasp wings, and
 so forth, gets to easy, irrelevant,
 even dewy conclusions.

"Now blossom is bloodroot is
 sap-run
 Is Spring, and true as arbutus
 We're new. Words a ruin
 No animal heed, so kiss
 Me to silence: this wood
 Is for you."

Some of Mr. Pack's opening stanzas
 may make you long for that "fra-
 grance of iodine":

"I hesitate to write about the
 spring;
 There is a fear with all that
 loveliness,
 A wilderness I feel in every-
 thing."

But his longer poems, "An Idyl in Idleness" and "Poem for You," can be moving. Like many of these writers, he uses that device of repetition with qualification—words, phrases, rhythms—the effect of which is pleasantly hypnotic.

Mr. Hall has included seven poems of his own in this anthology; three are about poetry or language, and two of these ("Munch's Scream" and "Je suis un table") are interesting. What you hear is something like a problem solving machine escaped from the Institute for Advanced Studies in Aesthetics; as in the science fiction stories, the machine has evolved a little consciousness of its own, so that while it grinds to a halt ("Je suis un table") or gathers speed ("Munch's Scream") your sympathy is startled. His other pieces are neat and bland.

"When in the bedded dark of night
I touch your body huddled tight

I have some special knowledge
then
That crosses and will cross
again."

Two concerns are everywhere in the more recent American writing in this book. First, a stupefying number of poems deal with "art," with poetry or painting. This is not new, of course. For a long time we have not been assaulted by manifestos printed entirely in capital letters; the impulse turned into versified esthetics. It would be pleasant, and probably useless, to complain of "uneasy self-consciousness," "university poets," or the back-breaking, bone-grinding burden, these thirty years' bound volumes of academic criticism.

In any case, the subject, like all others, is legitimate. We are familiar with didactic, symbolic, or simply occasional treatments. But the intentions have grown more and more confused, the attempts more and more cautious, the manners impossibly derivative. Further, the attitude, the tone, the vocabulary become general and constricting; in the end one cannot write of a bull-

fighter, a pilot, a politician, but the obsession transforms him into a hesitant, overscrupulous artist. An example is a poem by Donald Finkel (of his five poems in the book, two and a half are about language or poetry) called "Juan Belmonte, Torero." It has nice lines; it is, I believe, about a torero. But the torero sounds like every other worried poet:

"The first thing, I think, is a
keen sense
Of the ridiculous. Before each
corrida
To finger anew one's duties,
one's motivations."

There is another evident direction, probably less familiar. We have the immediate, very personal subject—childhood, love, marriage—and with it, deliberate simplicity of language and feeling. The background, as one might expect, is "nature," not society. The tendency has been called "romantic," and distinguished from the harder, more intellectual way of the forties. But

it is not romantic in any developed sense; it is not expansive, not passionate, not exotic, nor does it have any philosophic ground. This is a poetry of sentiment, with "soft reasonableness" "beneath the slight lyric grace." It will be rueful, sweet, or stoic. One can see it very clearly in some lines by W. D. Snodgrass.

"Though trees turn bare and
girls turn wives
We shall afford our costly seasons.

There is a gentleness survives
That will outspoke and has its reasons.

There is a loveliness exists,
Preserves us. Not for specialists."

It may be obvious already that these concerns, the nostalgic personal, the troubled esthetic, are presented with practiced caution, so far as language, image, and form are concerned. This caution "has its reasons," social and academic; just at the moment, though, it looks like the gentlest generation of all.

Turgenev on Life and Art

TURGENEV'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES. Translated by David Magarshack. Farrar, Straus. \$5.

By MORRIS PHILIPSON

THIS HANDSOME volume contains Turgenev's recollections and judgments of certain of his Russian contemporaries (and to that extent the Reminiscences are Literary) but also a number of autobiographical fragments (in respect to which the Reminiscences might have been entitled "Literature"). Since this is the first time the work is made available in English, there are a hundred pages of introductions—a succinct and informative essay in Russian literary history by the translator Magarshack and a study of the author by Edmund Wilson. The scholarship and inferences of Edmund Wilson, concerning the relations between an author's life and his works, sound very much as if an author's personal experiences are a series of

negatives from which his novels and stories are a series of printed photographs.

It seems that in a contemporary literary criticism a distinction is gaining ground between authors who write primarily out of their conscious experience—the reporters and critics—and those who create more out of the unconscious—the prophets and visionaries. Perhaps the explanatory technique of Edmund (Saint-Beuve) Wilson is adequate to Turgenev, because Turgenev does appear to belong to the former type. In a letter quoted in one of the reminiscences, the Russian critic Belinsky judges of Turgenev's talent: "If I am not mistaken, your true vocation is to observe facts and describe them after letting them filter through your imagination, but not depending entirely on your imagination . . ." With this, as with almost all of Belinsky's judgments, Turgenev concurs.

What the reader gains from these

sketches, reports, notes and recollections is not only some insight into Turgenev's conception of himself as a writer but, also, quite vivid impressions of nineteenth century life in both Russia and Europe.

The autobiographical fragments (the "literate" recollections) have a certain charm. The pieces on his childhood sense of justice in hunting (*The Quail*), on his Appreciation of his best hunting dog (*Pégas*), on an act of kindness performed in danger during the revolution of 1848 (*My Mates Sent Me*), and on the experience aboard a ship which burst into flame off the coast of Germany (an event which occurred when Turgenev was eighteen, but which he did not record until he was on his death bed, nearly fifty years later)—all have a directness, a simplicity and unpretentiousness which are highly appropriate to the subject matter.

But in the articles on particular literary figures, the experience of seeing a criminal guillotined, and in his effort to justify *Fathers and Sons*, one perceives something of Turgenev's complexity. His tone is

more ambivalent here. The issues are more involved, yet the reader gets the impression that Turgenev's disposition craves simplicity. His is a disclaiming, retiring, personality—that of a gentle principled man who disdains corrupt motives and is somewhat too polite to become involved with them on a vulgar level. He understands corruption, objectively and intellectually, as a fact, but he does not have the capacity to accept it. Living with it would mean fighting it in others more than he chose to.

Precisely because of this detachment, his reporting of objective experiences is candid and clear. What one sees, as through a key-hole view, is something of the Russian situation between the 1830's and the 1880's, that is, from the time of Pushkin to the time of Dostoevsky. Unfortunately, one is disappointed to read practically nothing about either of those giants. The scene is peopled by the writers in-between, for all of whom there was no mode of expression for their social and political distress other than to write literature and literary criticism. It is clear that only a few of them had talent for literature; it was the extraordinary circumstances which forced them to be writers rather than politicians.

It is Belinsky who emerges as the most noble of the many. For he, Turgenev argues, had both the proper libertarian and humanitarian ideals as well as acute esthetic judgment. Educated to Western culture more by hearsay than by a university, Belinsky appears as the very image of the passionate Russian intellectual. Although it sounds like a caricature, Turgenev lovingly describes Belinsky, after three hours of conversation, shocked into exclaiming, "We haven't yet decided the question of the existence of God, and you want to eat!" But Belinsky was the conscience of his generation.

The reminiscence of Gogol is less single-minded in admiration. Turgenev's respect for Gogol's art is not in question, but his recollection of Gogol as a lecturer on history at the St. Petersburg University shows him as comically inept. When

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Then and Now

The issue before the United States is one of survival. The major threat to that survival is posed by the Soviet Union. If the Soviet Union were to attack this nation tomorrow — if there were another Pearl Harbor, in Japan, in Alaska, in Detroit or New York — the U.S. would find the money to defend itself. U.S. citizens would work longer hours, they would do without, they would pay taxes on a scale beyond their present wildest nightmares. Doing all these things would not be easy, but they would be done, because the survival of the U.S. as a free nation would be at stake.

Nothing has happened to remove the threat of such an attack upon us or upon our allies. Why, then, are we now to ease up on our defense efforts? Why are we now being told that "defense expenditures must be cut off to fit the cloth"?

The soothing phrases from Washington tend to obscure these hard facts: The U. S. is slackening its efforts. The draft call is scheduled to be cut in half. The Voice of America budget is being revised sharply downward, with broadcasts in many languages being dropped completely. Plans for the development of the Air Force are to be cut back. Military aid for our allies is to be pruned. . . . In spite of all the anti-Communist campaign oratory — which continues to this day — the truth is that military muscle, not fat, is being cut.

—The Commonwealth, May 29, 1953

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Turgenev meets him in his later years, Gogol appears to him "an intelligent, queer and sick character . . . Gogol's long pointed nose gave his face a sort of cunning, fox-like expression . . . an extraordinary man, a man of genius, who was a little touched in the head." Turgenev, who is probably the only man in the world to have had both experiences, is able to contrast Dickens and Gogol reading from their works.

Throughout this recollection there is a sense of the great author trying to justify himself, despite his awareness that the effort is probably in vain. But Turgenev, in his waning popularity, tries to explain having been a Westerner, his choice of living in Western Europe, as the means he required to fight better against the enemy at home—serfdom. And he feels called upon, in opposition to the Rightists as well as the Leftists, to justify himself as a writer, as one who reproduced the reality of life as he saw it, not as one wishes it were.

In our own national literary history there is the comparable experience of Henry James, who was a "Westerner" in this Russian sense, trying to justify both his life and his writings in the twilight of his popularity. But there is no parallel in our cultural history to the social and political circumstances from which Turgenev had to escape.

One of the most moving passages is the description of Russian authors getting back their "proofs from the censor, all mangled and mutilated and stained with red ink as though with blood . . ." "Bribery was rampant," he writes, " . . . no courts of justice, rumors about the impending closure of the universities . . . journeys abroad were becoming impossible, no decent book could be ordered from abroad, a sort of dark cloud was constantly hanging over the whole so-called department of learning and literature . . . everyone afraid and grovelling."

One is appalled to recognize that those lines of Turgenev, written about Tzarist Russia in the 1830's and 40's, can be used to describe the situation in the Soviet Union this morning.

Chiefly of Love

LIGHT IN SILENCE. By Claude Koch. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50.

By JOHN A. LYNCH

A NOVEL chiefly of love, but of a few quietly moving passions, too, *Light in Silence* is a story of the Community of the College of Saint Bardolph, plotted largely on the defection and return of Brother Finian Joseph. But along the way are such excellent portraits of Didymus, the deceased Declan and Cletus Paul, Benildus Leo, Fidedian Samuel, Eliphus Raymond, and the chaplain, the outsider, Father Wheaton, that the portraits have, in their variations, more real meaning than the plot. They may, in fact, have existed in the author's mind before he discovered a story line on which to hang them.

Saint Bardolph's, above the Niagara Gorge, must bear for some a strong physical resemblance to Niagara University. As a Community, one suspects that the Brothers are only themselves, the counterpart of none in particular but all in general, yet so carefully and honestly realized that they are at no time absurd or reduced to caricature. The Brothers' love for one another, even if sometimes strained, obviously reflects the love which the author has for the Brothers.

The crisis that faces Saint Bardolph's, that turns Joseph away, that leads to the agonizing and unnecessary death of Didymus, is spelled out by the one-eyed Didymus as he walks with Joseph: "It seems that when I was young . . . there were not so many buildings then, or students. Not so many young men touring Rome, either. Oh, some of us defected, and some of us failed, but the Order was

the constant. Now, I'm not so sure. We're prosperous; prosperity has never been good for the Church. When Brother Prior comes today, he'll be in his station wagon; he should walk, perhaps in his bare feet."

The arrival of Eliphus Raymond is, as expected, not without its attendant horrors. Joseph, he decides, needs not a rest, but discipline. To trap Didymus, who claims he has had visions, Raymond approves setting up a camera in a confessional. "The world has changed," he declares, "and I am sure Bardolph's is changing with it—but not fast enough, not fast enough."

Against a background of promise, ineptness, bad advice, and sure goodness, Joseph is tempted, after twenty years, to leave the Community. His temptation is incited by his meeting with the older sister of Brother Gerald of Mary, a widow with three children, who, in a very natural way, become his companions. Joseph leaves and returns, Father Wheaton is sent away in poor health, Didymus is buried, Saint Bardolph's white statue, carved of stone in an earlier day, is replaced by one of black metal.

Through disorder and sadnesses, charity makes its way and even the noisy will be reduced to occasional silences. Saint Bardolph's will not crumble; it has been standing too long and is supported by more than stone and mortar.

Mr. Koch, as assistant professor at LaSalle College, Philadelphia, was able to complete this novel on a *Sewanee Review* Fellowship, sponsored by the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee. This is a note that, perhaps, should not be observed in silence, or, if we are silent, may it be in reflection.

REVIEWERS

Janet Fiscalini has contributed poetry to *Accent*, *Chicago Review* and *The Commonweal*.

Morris Philipson is a member of the faculty at Hunter College in New York.

John A. Lynch has published short stories in *Accent*, *Prairie Schooner* and other magazines.

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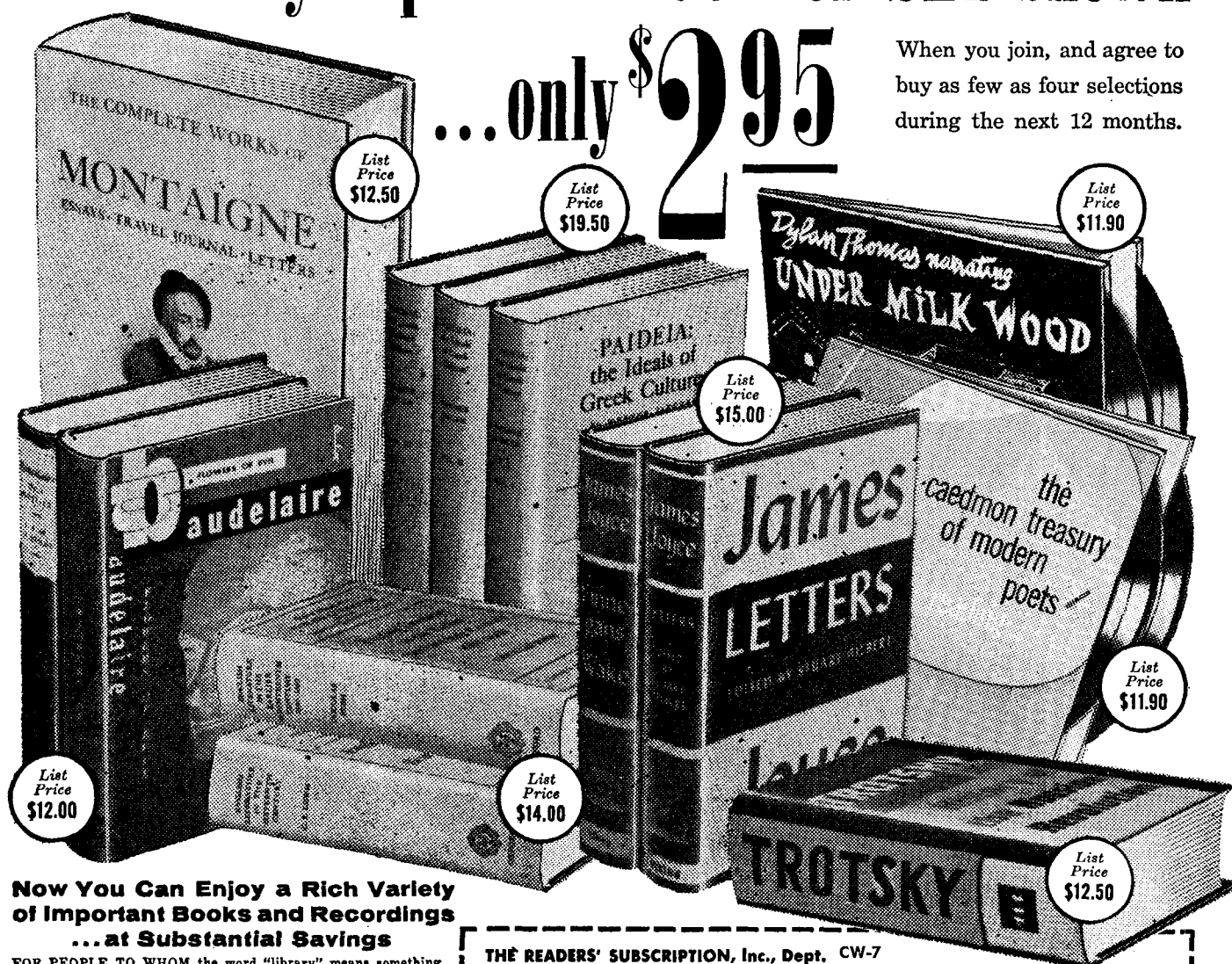
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